

Billings Hall

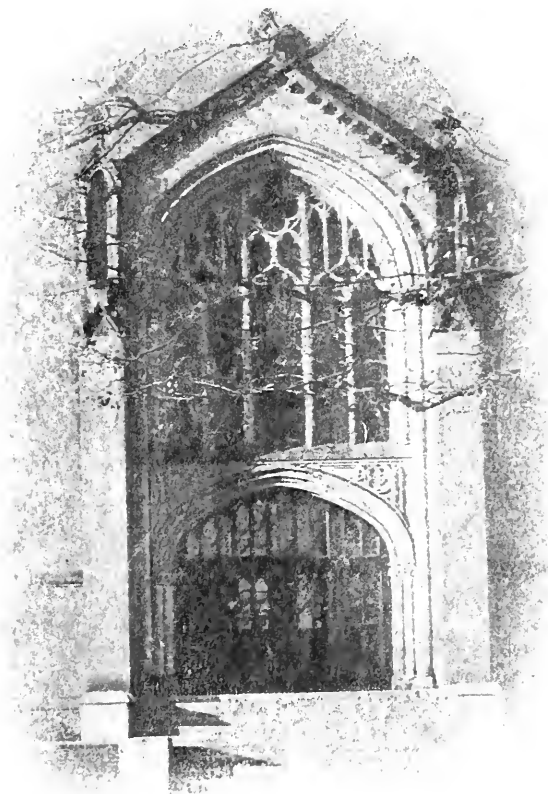
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1954

44.4

1906

Wellesley Songs.



SONGS

OF

WELLESLEY.



A COLLECTION OF SONGS FOR THE USE OF

THE

GLEE CLUB AND STUDENTS

OF

WELLESLEY COLLEGE.



COMPILED AND EDITED BY

CORDELIA C. NEVERS, '96,

AND

ROBERTA H. MONTGOMERY, '97.



PUBLISHED AT

WELLESLEY, MASS.

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PAULINE A. DURANT
AND
MARY CASWELL

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

For a long time there has been felt the lack of some means of becoming familiar with the songs of our College which all of us know about, but do not really know; and it is in the hope of meeting this deficiency, that this collection has been made.

It has been the aim of the editors to include all the Wellesley songs, written from time to time, which are worthy of preservation. In addition to the older and better known songs, the collection includes many of the later and less familiar ones, as well as some that have not appeared before; also a few general favorites, not of Wellesley origin, without which no college song book seems complete.

The editors wish to express their thanks for the cordial assistance they have received from many sources, and especially from leaders of the glee club. They also gratefully acknowledge the courtesy of the editors of '92 *Legenda* in permitting them to use the songs which first appeared in their publication.

ROBERTA H. MONTGOMERY.

CORDELIA C. NEVERS.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1906.

The compilers of *Songs of Wellesley*, Cordelia C. Nevers, '96, and Roberta H. Montgomery, '97, looking forward to a long absence from America, thoughtfully gave the electrotype plates of the work to the Students' Aid Society of Wellesley College. Books printed from these plates have met with ready sale, and have yielded a valued addition to the slender funds of the Society. At present, however, all recognize the need of a book which shall contain not only those songs of the original book which are still in constant use, but also those songs which have come into popularity since 1897. The compilation now issued is designed to meet this need. As the plates of all the pages of the original book are still in existence, a collection historically complete may be possible at some future time.

The managers of the Students' Aid Society hope that the new song book will find a welcome from Wellesley students of past as well as of present days. Thanks are due to Mr. Perkins for the view of the chapel steps on the cover. The editors would also acknowledge the good counsel and unfailing support of the members of the department of music, the many kind offices of alumnæ and students, and the courtesy of composers and publishers who have allowed the use of several valuable pieces of modern music.

Songs of Wellesley.

ALL HAIL TO THE COLLEGE BEAUTIFUL.

KATHERINE LEE BATES.

C. H. MORSE.

Con moto.

SOPRANOS.



1. All hail to the Col - lege Beau - ti - ful! All hail to the Welles - ley
2. All hail to the Col - lege Beau - ti - ful! All hail to the brave and
3. All hail to the Col - lege Beau - ti - ful! All hail to the sa - cred

ALTOS.



blue! All hail to the girls who are gath'ring pearls From the shells that are o -
bright! She has taken her place in the swift-sandaled race, Where the strong man smiles
walls! Where, sinking a - way in the shad - ovy gray, Aye, the sun's last ra -



pen to few! From the shells up - cast by the ebb - ing Past On the
in his might, Oh! shining a - rise the lights in her eyes, And her
di - ance falls! Where first on the lake the day - beams a - wake, And the



All Hail to the College Beautiful.

shores where, faith - ful and true, An earn - - est band, with the
hands are hot for the prize. Now fast and far let the
Spring's white man - a - cles break. But flushed in wak - ing or

grop - ing hand, Are seek - ing the jew - els from un - der the sand;
race be tried! She runs in her weak - ness and he in his pride,
pale in rest, With leaves on her hair or with snows on her breast,

Maestoso.

And spreading a - broad thro' the breadth of the land The name of the
But run as they will, they will run side by side, And share in the
For ev - er the fair - est, and nob - lest, and best, All hail to her

cres - - cen - - - do. ff

Welles - ley blue, And spread - ing a - broad thro' the breadth of the land, The
vic - tor's right, But run as they will, they will run side by side, And
sa - cred walls! For ev - er the fair - est, and nob - lest, and best, All

All Hail to the College Beautiful.

3

CHORUS. beauti - ful!

f

name of the Welles-ley blue.
share in the vic - tor's right. All hail to the Col - lege hail! . . . All
hail to her sa - cred walls!

mf

hail to the roy - al throne, Whence her heart with - in her burn - ing, Sil - ver

mf

voic - ed, far - eyed Learn - ing looks up - on her own! Looks up -

1st & 2d verses. *f*

on her own! Looks up - - on her own!

last verse, *ad lib.* *ff*

own! Looks up - on, looks up - on . . . her own!

'NEATH THE OAKS.

Words and Music after 'Neath the Elms of Old Trinity. Arr. by EDITH PINGREE SAWYER.

Moderato.

1. 'Neath the oaks of our old Welles - ley, 'Neath the oaks of our
 2. On the hills of our old Welles - ley, In the halls of our
 3. College days are from care and sorrow free, And oft will we
 4. Then we'll sing to our old Welles - ley, To our dear old Alma

dear old Welles - ley, 'Tis with pleas - ure we meet, Our old
 dear old Welles - ley, There is right mer - ry cheer, There are
 seek in mem - o - ry, The . . . days that are past, Far too
 Ma - ter Welles - ley, We're to - geth - er to - day, And to -

class-mates to greet, 'Neath the oaks of our old Welles - ley.
 friends true and dear, In the halls of our old Welles - ley.
 joy - ous to last, 'Neath the oaks of our old Welles - ley.
 mor - row a - way, Far a - way from our old Welles - ley.

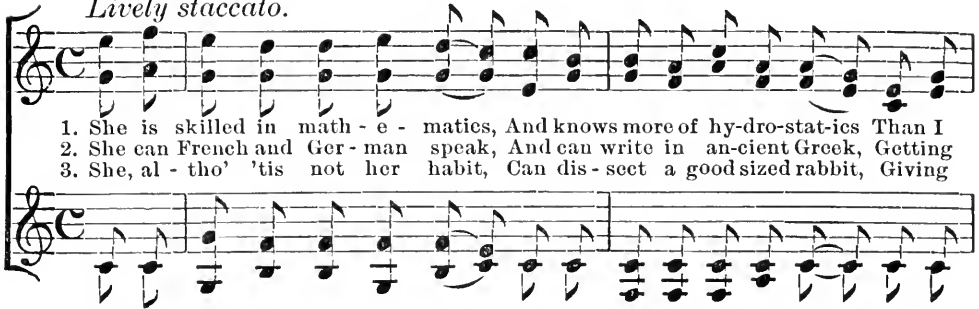
MY COLLEGE GIRL.

5

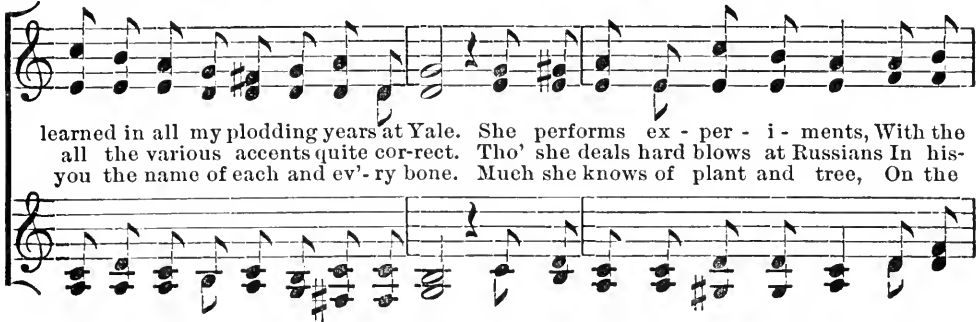
ALICE W. KELLOGG.

JUNIUS W. HILL.

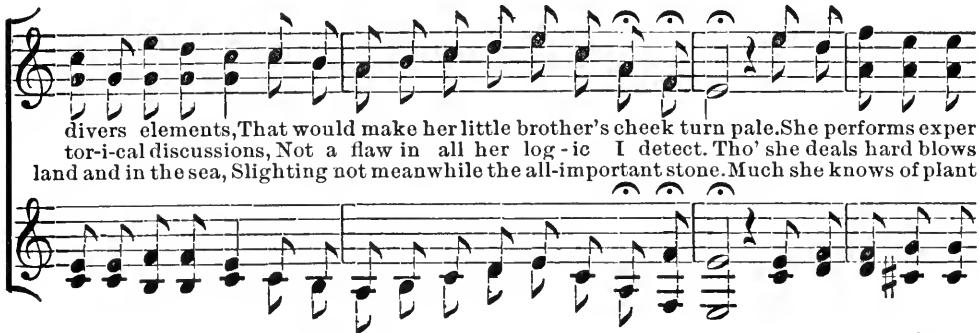
Lively staccato.



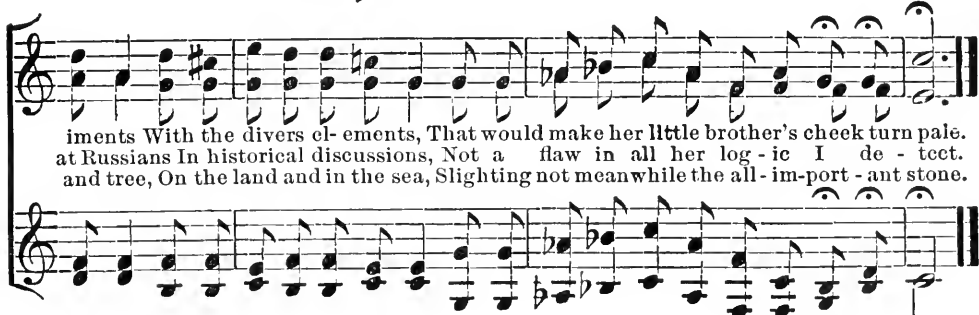
1. She is skilled in math - e - matics, And knows more of hy-dro-stat-ics Than I
 2. She can French and Ger - man speak, And can write in an-cient Greek, Getting
 3. She, al - tho' 'tis not her habit, Can dis - sect a good sized rabbit, Giving



learned in all my plodding years at Yale. She performs ex - per - i - ments, With the
 all the various accents quite cor-rect. Tho' she deals hard blows at Russians In his-
 you the name of each and ev'-ry bone. Much she knows of plant and tree, On the



divers elements, That would make her little brother's cheek turn pale. She performs exper
 tor-i-cal discussions, Not a flaw in all her log-ic I detect. Tho' she deals hard blows
 land and in the sea, Slighting not meanwhile the all-important stone. Much she knows of plant



iments With the divers el-ements, That would make her little brother's cheek turn pale.
 at Russians In historical discussions, Not a flaw in all her log-ic I de - tect.
 and tree, On the land and in the sea, Slighting not meanwhile the all - im-port - ant stone.

4 Like a statue she can pose,
 And interpret learned prose,
 In a way that makes my pulses wildly beat.
 She has studied poetry lyric,
 Epic also and satiric,
 Till her diction and her style are quite complete.

5 More than all, the little sinner,
 She can cook as good a dinner
 As a hungry man would ever wish to spy;
 And I challenge the world over
 If two folks they can discover

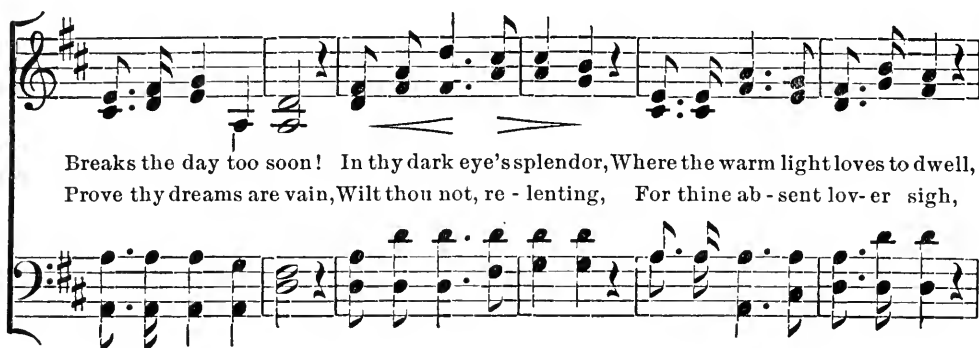
Quite so happy as my college girl and I.

JUANITA.

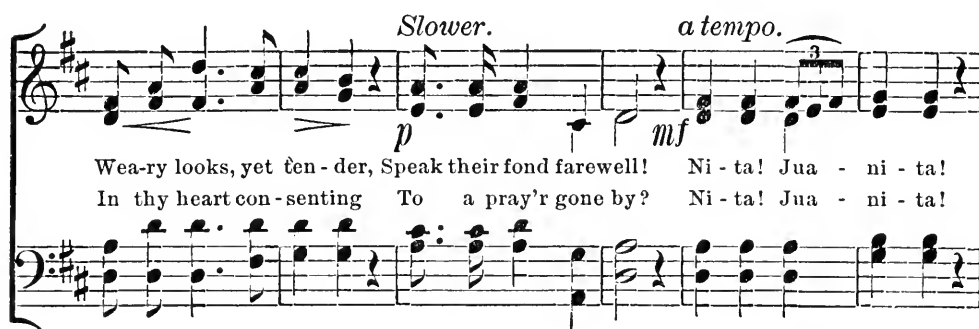


mf

1. Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine again, And day-light beaming,



Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lenting, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,



Slower. *a tempo.*

p *mf*

Wea-ry looks, yet fen-der, Speak their fond farewell! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-senting To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!



Tenderly, rit.

p

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

STEP SONG.

BLANCHE HOWARD WENNER.

Tune: — "JUANITA."

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Far through the evening Drifts the sound of voices clear; And daylight leaving Soon we gather here Loyal friends together Round our Chapel steps we meet, Mingling gladly ever For our service sweet. Wellesley, our Wellesley, Hear our voices through the night, Wellesley, our Wellesley, Source of strength and light!</p> | <p>2 When in the gloaming Years shall find us far from thee In reveries roaming By thy steps we'll be. Wellesley, we have loved thee As we sang our evening song, And we'll ne'er forget thee Though we leave thee long. Wellesley, our Wellesley, Hear our voices through the night, Wellesley, our Wellesley, Source of strength and light!</p> |
|--|--|

OUR WELLESLEY.

EMILIE H. CALLAWAY.

Music: — "ONE THAT HE LOVES BEST," by EDWARD W. CORLISS.

Sing of the rocks and shore,
 Gay summer days of yore,
 Isles of fabled story;
 Halls that have rung with fame,
 Land of a mighty name,
 Name of splendid glory.
 Many a place is dear,
 Memory holds it near,
 Filled with light and beauty;
 Yet we all declare that there's a place that is best of all,
 Yes, there is one that is always best of all,
 Yes, there is one that holds our hearts in thrall.
 One that we love alone,
 One that we call our own,
 One that we love best.
 For we love our Wellesley, fair and free,
 Our college beautiful;
 For we love each flower and path and tree,
 Our college beautiful.
 Then we'll sing with friends we've known and loved,
 The friends so staunch and true,
 To the college that is best of all,
 All hail to the Wellesley blue.

CREW SONG.

ALICE W. KELLOGG.

*Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped **

1. Breezes from Waban blow gent - - ly,
 2. Swift-ly we move thro' the wa - - ters,
 3. Home a-gain float we in si - - lence,

Daylight steals out of the sky,
 Sil-ver foam leaps from the oar,
 Silence un - broken by song,

Birds their sweet songs all are hush - ing,
 Farther and farther be - hind us,
 For with each splash of the oar dip,

Crew Song.

9

Shadows of evening draw nigh. Now in our bark fair and
 Leave we the shad-ow-y shore; Leave it, but back thro' the
 Mem-o-ries man-ifold throng. Farewell now to the

state - - ly, Float we a-way and a-way;
 still - - ness, Mes-sage of mu-sic we send,
 breez - - es, And moon of the silv-ery light,

Ra-di-ant moonbeams and star - - light, Guiding our path with their ray.
 That now with the rhythm of rip - - ples, And now with the breezes doth blend.
 Beau-ti-ful wa-ters of Wa - - ban, Sad-ly we bid you good-night.

ALUMNAE SONG.

JOSEPHINE A. CASS.

VOICES.



1. Ours is the hap - py past! Sing we now, Soft and low, Sing for the

2. Ours, too, the pres - ent is, Ours with its joy and pain. Sing we a

PIANO.

days that go, Ne'er to re - turn!
min-gled strain, Each meeting each.Swift tho' the years may fly,
Glad tho' our meet - ing be,Clouds on a stormy blast, Safe as the fair, blue sky, Bid - eth our past.
Some fa - ces dear we miss; Sa - cred their mem - o - ry, In hour like this.

3 Ours are the future days!
Ours for the stronger strife,
Ours for the larger life,
Helping the world!
O'er white fields looking out,
Joyous the song we raise;
Hope overmasters doubt,
Welcome, bright days!

4 Ours is Eternity!
Where Then and Now are one.
All rivers under sun,
Find here their home!
Tho' life seem incomplete,
Not far our dim eyes see;
Fragments ere long shall meet
And perfect be.

MARY ENO RUSSELL.

mf

1. *Directions.* You take a few pieces of zinc, And put in your gen-er-a-tor, Add
 2. *Observations.* The ac-tion was not ver-y brisk, When I put in H₂ S O₄, So I
 3. *Conclusions.* As I wiped up the ac-id and zinc, And swept up the glass from the floor, I con -

CHORUS.

wa - ter, then plug in the cork, And pour in H₂ S O₄. And
 tried nit - ric ac - id to see If the thing wouldn't bub - ble up more. If the
 clud-ed I'd stick to di-rections, And try my own methods no more. And

f

pour in H₂ S O₄, And pour in H₂ S O₄; Add
 thing wouldn't bub - ble up more, If the thing wouldn't bub - ble up more; So I
 try my own methods no more, And try my own methods no more; I con -

wa - ter, then plug in the cork, And pour in H₂ S O₄.
 tried ni - tric ac id to see If the thing wouldn't bub - ble up more.
 clud-ed I'd stick to di - rections, And try my own methods no more.

BOO! HOO!

Music from the "Sphinx," by LEWIS S. THOMPSON.

1. Boo! hoo! mamma, take me home; Ev'-ry bod-y here's so

2. Boo! hoo! I miss my dolly so; Won't you send her on ma?

p

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal melody is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part begins with a series of chords marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

hard on me. Oh! Oh! why did I from you roam, To

That's a dear. Oh! Oh! 'twould com-fort me I know, And

pp

This system contains the second two staves of music. The vocal melody continues in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment continues in the lower staff. The piano part features a series of chords marked with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic.

take up my a-bode in Wel-les-ley. Boo! hoo! They

then when I'm a-lone I'll have no fear. Boo! hoo! I

f *mp*

This system contains the third two staves of music. The vocal melody continues in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment continues in the lower staff. The piano part features a series of chords marked with a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic, followed by a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic.

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Boo! Hoo!

13

fill up all my day With En-glish, Greek and Lat-in, Math. and Gym.
most for-got to say, There are some dread-ful girls called Soph-o-mores.

ff

This system contains the first vocal and piano staves. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part features a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking.

Oh! oh! and then they kindly say, "Plenty time to *spatziergehen* in."

Oh! oh! I heard my room-mate say That they were going to haze us. SPOKEN. (What's that, Ma?)

pp *dim molto.*

This system contains the second vocal and piano staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano part features a piano (*pp*) dynamic marking and a *dim molto.* instruction.

Boo! hoo! Boo! hoo! Boo! hoo! hoo!
Boo! hoo! Boo! hoo! Boo! hoo! hoo!

pp *pp* *pp* *ppp*

This system contains the third vocal and piano staves. The vocal line consists of a series of "Boo!" and "hoo!" exclamations. The piano part features multiple piano (*pp*) and pianissimo (*ppp*) dynamic markings.

BOATING SONG.

KENT DUNLAP HÄGLER.

SUE M. LUM.

Marcato.


1. A - way, a - way! more fleet than thoughts can fol - low, Like a
 2. A - way, a - way! we leave the task en - thrall - ing, Winds are
 3. A - way, a - way! no thought of dull to - mor - row - Now we

swal - low flies our wing - ed boat a - long; In
 call - ing, morn is laugh - ing in the sky; Be -
 bor - row mirth and free - dom from the day; Each

meas - ured stroke our strength the lithe oar bend - ing, Voi - ces
 fore our boat the blithe waves quick re - treat - ing, Tim - id
 rest - less heart with calm and cour - age fill - ing, Hope in -

Boating Song.

15



blend - ing wake the ech - oes with our song.
greet - ing mur - mur as we hur - ry by.
still - ing, glide the care - less hours a - way.

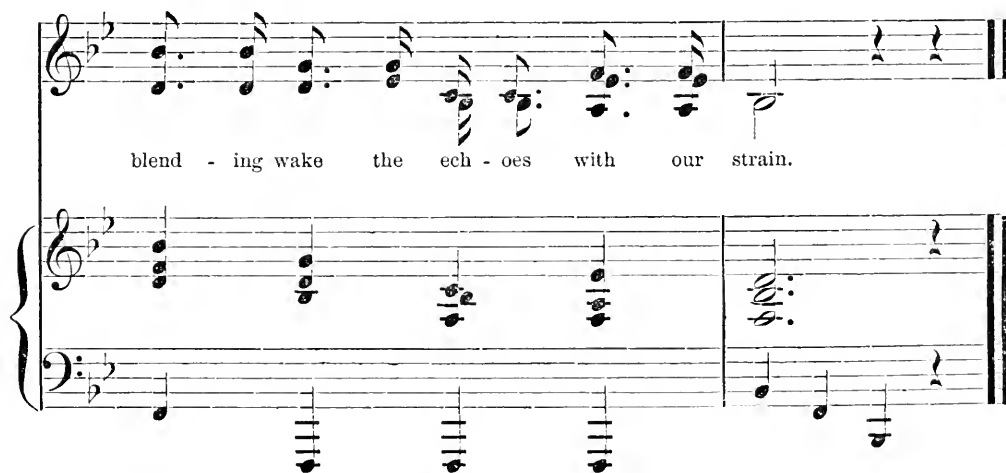
The first system of the musical score for 'Boating Song'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

REFRAIN.



Voi - ces blend - ing with the waves in glad re - frain, . Voi - ces

The second system of the musical score, which is the refrain. It continues with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Voi - ces blend - ing with the waves in glad re - frain, . Voi - ces' are written below the vocal staff.



blend - ing wake the ech - oes with our strain.

The third system of the musical score, continuing the refrain. It features the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'blend - ing wake the ech - oes with our strain.' are written below the vocal staff.

A HOBBY.

MABEL W. WHITE.

SUE M. LUM,

mf

1. There is a sprightly maiden, We all know ver-y well, Who rides a pranc-
 2. For dress reform she's striving, And more el - oquent is she, Than a - ny Dan -

ing hob-by Up-on which she loves to dwell. This hob-by is not learning, Tho' in
 iel Webster, Or a Hen - ry Clay could be. If her dress should be constricting To her

that she does ex - cel, Nor yet the rights of woman, Which she upholds so well.
 superhuman breath, She would cry with Patrick Henry, "Give me lib - er - ty or death."

SWEET AND LOW.

17

ALFRED TENNYSON.

J. BARNBY.

pp *Larghetto.*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

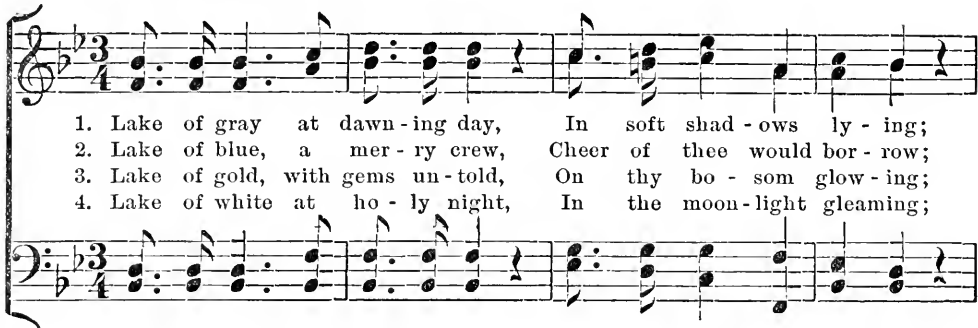
breath and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing
mother's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; O - - - ver the
Fa - ther will come to his
Fa - - - ther will

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
come to his babe, Sil - - ver sails out of the west.

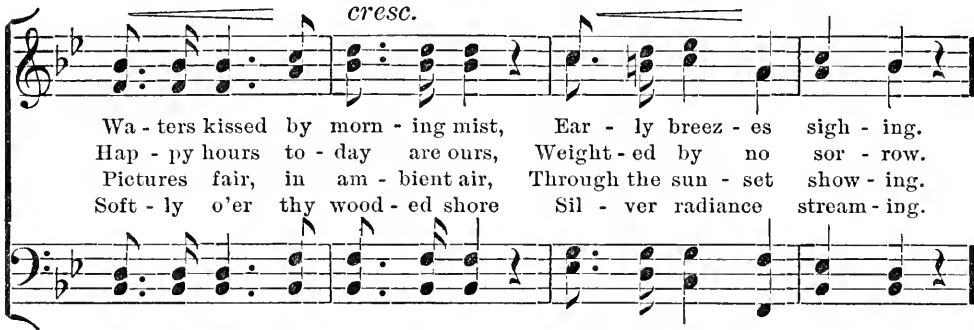
me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . .
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . .

LAKE WABAN.

LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS.



1. Lake of gray at dawn-ing day, In soft shad - ows ly - ing;
 2. Lake of blue, a mer - ry crew, Cheer of thee would bor - row;
 3. Lake of gold, with gems un - told, On thy bo - som glow - ing;
 4. Lake of white at ho - ly night, In the moon - light gleaming;



cresc.
 Wa - ters kissed by morn - ing mist, Ear - ly breez - es sigh - ing.
 Hap - py hours to - day are ours, Weight - ed by no sor - row.
 Pictures fair, in am - bient air, Through the sun - set show - ing.
 Soft - ly o'er thy wood - ed shore Sil - ver radiance stream - ing.



Fai - ry vi - sion as Thou art, Soon thy fleet - ing charms depart;
 Oth - er years may bring us tears, Oth - er days be full of fears;
 When morn - ing hours are with the past, And memory's gaze is eastward cast,
 On the wave - lets bear a - way, Ev' - ry care we've known to - day,



dim. *pp*
 Ev' - ry grace that wins the heart, Like our youth is fly - ing.
 On - ly hope the craft now steers, Cares are for the mor - row.
 The gold - en time shall then outlast Each gift of thy bestow - ing.
 Bring, on thy re - turn - ing way, Peace - ful, hap - py dream - ing.

By raising the lower clef one octave, this piece may be used as a four-part song for women's voices.

TO ALMA MATER.

19

ANNE BARRETT HUGHES.

FLORA SMEALLIE WARD.

mf Moderato.



1. { To Al - ma Ma - ter, Wellesley's daughters, All to - geth - er join and sing. }
Thro' all her wealth of wood and wa - ters, Let your hap - py voic - es ring. }
2. { We'll sing her prais - es now and ev - er, Bless - ed fount of truth and love. }
Our heart's de - vo - tion, may it nev - er Faithless or un - worthy prove. }



f accel - e - cresc.



In ev - 'ry changing mood we love her, Love her tow'rs and woods and
We'll give our lives and hopes to serve her, Humblest, high - est, no - blest—



mf a tempo.



lake, Oh, changeful sky, bend blue a - bove her! Wake, ye birds, your chorus wake!
all, A stainless name we will preserve her, An - swer to her ev' - ry call.



Reharmonized by the author, 1897.

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OTHER ARRANGEMENTS.

E. T. CARTER.

1. Our life it is jol-ly, and

al-ways so gay; We work and we love in the spir-it of play, And

sometimes make other arrangements. We hate credit systems, non-credit notes too, And

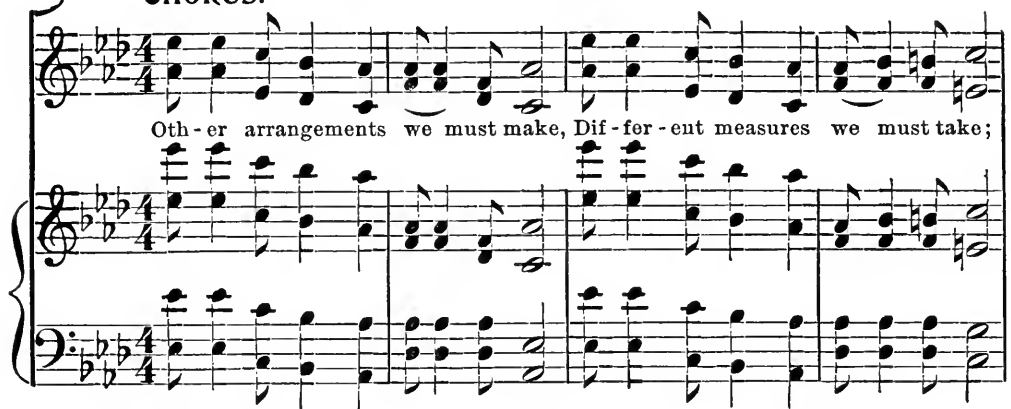
Other Arrangements.

21



all quite agree they're a bore thro' and thro', And we try to make other arrangements.

CHORUS.



Oth-er arrangements we must make, Dif-fer-ent measures we must take;



Other arrangements, dif-fer-ent measures, Other arrangements we must make.

- 2 If we flunk more than twice when we're Freshmen in College,
 They say we are stupid and lacking in knowledge,
 And we have to make other arrangements.
 As Seniors we quake very much, for you see,
 If we fail or fall short we don't get a degree,
 And then 'tis too late for arrangements. CHORUS.
- 3 Our College is Wellesley, our color is blue,
 Our course it is four years—some stay only two,
 Twoengaged in some other arrangements.
 The foxey invited the goosey to tea,
 The goosey accepted—oh dear, oh dear me,—
 And straightway they made their arrangements. CHORUS.

GEORGE BIRTHINGTON'S WASHDAY.

FLORENCE E. HOMER.



1. There was a famous washing day, its ac - tion near the Hub: A Nation's raiment
2. "The time is come," said Birthington, "when wash we really must, For see our country's
3. The morning dawn'd, the washers came, the washing was begun; The steam rose high, nor



in the suds, a he - ro at the tub. Then come, ye loy - al pa - tri - ots, and garments, how they're tram - pled in the dust; And Lib - er - ty's bright tu - nic is so ceased to rise till clean - li - ness was won. And now, tho' good George Birthington is



list - en to my lay! I'll sing of good George Birthington on this, his washing day. sad - ly soiled, I ween, That nothing but a washing day will make it bright and clean." gone to his re - pose, The grateful country still recalls how well he washed her clothes.



TO ALMA MATER.*

23

ANNE BARRETT HUGHES.

Moderato.

mf

1. { To Al-ma Ma-ter, Wellesley's daughters, All to-gether join and sing. }
 { Thro' all her wealth of wood and wa-ters, Let your hap-py voic-es ring. }
 2. { We'll sing her prais-es now and ev-er, Bless-ed fount of truth and love. }
 { Our heart's de-vot-ion, may it nev-er Faithless or un-wor-thy prove. }

mf

f *cres - - - - - cen - do.*

In ev-'ry chang-ing mood we love her, Love her tow'rs and woods and
 We'll give our lives and hopes to serve her, Humblest, high-est, no-blest—

f

p *mf* *f*

lake, Oh, changeful sky, bend blue a-bove her! Wake, ye birds, your chorus wake!
 all, A stainless name we will preserve her, Answer to her ev'-ry call.

* Adapted from music written by Mrs. FLORA SMEALLIE WARD. See page 19.

A MODEL COLLEGE GIRL.

8va.
Moderato.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

8va.

The piano introduction continues with a forte (*f*) dynamic in the left hand. The right hand continues its melodic pattern, ending with a final chord marked *8va.*

The vocal melody is written on a single staff in treble clef, with a key signature of two sharps. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are as follows:

1. Nev - er broke a reg - u - la - tion; Nev - er told a lie;
 2. Nev - er want to run or whis - tle, For 'tis not po - lite;
 3. To my brothers once was ten - der, Will not be a - gain;

A Model College Girl.

25

Nev - er want to have va - ca - tion—When I don't know why.
 Nev - er make a wretch - ed fiz - zle—When I don't re - cite.
 Nev - er name the oth - er gen - der, Save to say, A - men.

Al - ways love to go to sections, Love to go to bed; Nev-
 When I meet a Har - vard student Nev - er stop to talk; Nev-
 You may gath - er from these da - ta Just how good I be; I'm

er nib - ble sweet con - fec - tions—When I am not fed.
 er take a step im - pru - dent—When I do not walk.
 as proud of Al - ma Ma - ter As she is of me.

MENS SANA.

KATHERINE LEE BATES.

JUNIUS W. HILL.



1. 'Tis a lit - tle out of date, The col - lege girl to rate, As
2. When she roams the flow - ry land, A bot - a - ny in hand, She
3. It may yet be ver - y true She wears the hos - en blue, And is
4. Crick - et, golf, and bas - ket ball, She plays them one and all, And



house - hold bric - a - brac of or - der plas - tic; But we're
 still has val - ues pict - ur - esque and scen - ic; But how -
 great - ly class - i - cal and math - e - mat - ic; And al -
 drives the wheel with mo - tion en - er - get - ic; Cam - pus,



grat - i - fied to state, That her ten - den - cy of late Is to
 ev - er fair her phiz, Her great - est glo - ry is To be
 though we bode ill luck To the man who calls her duck, She is
 lake, and hill and hall, Ech - o to her breez - y call, Come and



Mens Sana.

27

be gym - nas - tic, nas - tic, nas - tic, nas - tic, Is to be gym - nas - tic.
cal - is - then - ic, then - ic, then - ic, then - ic, To be cal - is - then - ic.
cer - tain - ly a - quat - ic, quat - ic, quat - ic, Cer - tain - ly a - quat - ic.
be ath - let - ic, let - ic, let - ic, let - ic, Come and be ath - let - ic.

Sing it from Main to Main O! From At - lan - tic to far Pa - cif - ic,

Mens sa - na in cor - por - e sa - no, Makes Wellesley be - a - tif - ic,

tif - ic, tif - ic, tif - ic, Makes Wel - les - ley be - - a - tif - ic.

A PARTING SONG.

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL.

MENDELSSOHN.

mf *sf* *p*

1. Full swift the years have sped a - way, It comes at last—our
 2. We bless thee for our life's rich gain, For all thy truth-taught
 3. We bless thee for thy se - crets deep, Of lake and sky and

mf *sf* *p*

p

sad - dest day, Our part - - ing. Oh,
 joy and pain, At part - - ing. For
 wood-land sweep; No part - - ing. Nor

p *pp* *mf*

mf

Al - ma Ma - ter, Moth - er true, Our hearts are filled with
 friendship's mes - sage glad and strong; Though life be short, yet
 years, nor miles can steal a - way The glad - ness of our

sf

love for you At part - ing, At part - - ing.
 love is long At part - ing, At part - - ing.
 mem - o - ry— So part - ing, So part - - ing.

sf *p* *pp*

A Parting Song.

29

f

4. Our life song to thy no - - ble strain

f *p*

p *mf* *cresc.*

Sounds not in vain; Some glad, glad day we

mf *cresc.*

f *p*

come a - gain, So sing we now, Auf - - wie - der - sehen, Auf -

f *p*

pp

wie - der - sehen, Auf - wie - der - sehen!

pp

THE WELLESLEY COMPOSITE.

Words adapted by LOTTIE EVELYN BATES.

L. DENZA.

Allegretto brillante.

PIANO. *p* *grazioso*.

pp *cres.*

f

pp

f

1. Some think it worth their while to go to
 2. Some think the world was made for grinds and
 3. Some think it fun to take ex - am - i -

p

The Wellesley Composite.

31

Coro. f

col - lege, . . . And so do I! And so do I!
 drudg - es . . . To groan and sigh, But not so I!
 na - tion, . . . But not so I! Oh! dear, not I!

Solo. f

. Some think that on - ly men are fit for knowl - edge,
 Some jeer at bun - ny, scorn sardines and fudg - es, . .
 A fact that's proved with-out a dem - on - stra - tion, . .

Coro. f

Solo. p

. . . But not so I! Oh, no, not I! i
 . . . And chocolate pie, But not so I! In
 . . . I'll not de - ny, No use to try! But

The Wellesley Composite.

love to spend my days and nights dis - sect - ing . . . The sli - my
 math - - - e-mat - ics I may be de - fec - tive, . . . I ween 'tis
 to the barge my feet are of - ten fly - ing, . . . My woes to

CORO.

SOLO.

frog From marshy bog; And see
 true, Of not a few! But sports
 drown In Bos - ton town. Non - cred - -

. . . the sin and co - sin in - ter - sect - ing, . . . With monstrous log,
 . . . and pas-times are my chief e - lec - tive; . . . I'm on the crew,
 . . . it shall not keep me al - ways sigh - ing, . . . Nor teacher's frown

The Wellesley Composite.

33

CORO. *f*

CHORUS.

. . . Near mos - sy log. Welles - ley, Welles - ley,
 . . . And golf-club too!
 . . . Crush light heart down.

on - ly to be there . . . Drives a - way each mel - an - cho - ly

p cres. *cres* - - - *cen* - - - - *do. ten.*

care; She charms my eye, My mus - cle trains, And gives me in - for - ma - tion rare.

p cres. *cres* - - - *cen* - - - - *do. col canto.*

The Wellesley Composite.

Al - ma Ma - ter fair, since thou art mine, My heart is thine. thine.

FLIES ARE FLIES.

ANGELINA S. KÜHL.

Flies are flies be-cause they fly, Fleas are fleas be-cause they flee;

Flies are flies be-cause they fly, Fleas are fleas be - cause they flee; And

this, this is the rea - son why Bees are bees be - cause they be.

TUPELO.

35

1. Oh thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast a cer - tain mag - ic charm; Oh thou

Tu - pe - lo! thou hast a mag - ic charm, A mag - ic charm is thine, love, The

charm - er there is mine, love, Oh thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast a cer - tain

mag - ic charm, Oh thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast a mag - ic charm.

- 2 Oh thou Tupelo! thou hast the lake, and moon and stars,
The moon and stars are thine, love,
The son that's there is mine, love.
- 3 Oh thou Tupelo! thou hast a rustic bench or two,
A rustic bench is thine, love,
The rustic on it mine, love.
- 4 Oh thou Tupelo! thou hast a gentle, balmy air,
The balmy air is thine, love,
The wealthy heir is mine, love.
- 5 Oh thou Tupelo! thou hast all things above, around,
All things around are thine, love,
Except the arm, that's mine, love.
- 6 Oh thou Tupelo! thou hast the power to leaf in Spring,
To leaf in Spring is thine, love,
To leave just now is mine, love.

36 DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine,
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - ring thee,

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; The
 As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - er be; But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, . . .
 thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, . . .

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.

37

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine, for thine.
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee, but thee.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

SERENADE.

p Dolce.

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far in yon west - ern steep, Sink, sink in

p *rall. pp*

golden light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

3. Wind of the summer night,
 Where yonder woodbine creeps,
 Fold, fold thy pinious light,
 She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

4. Dreams of the summer night,
 Tell her, her lover keeps
 Watch, while in slumbers light
 She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

TAINTOR BROS.

By raising the lower clef one octave, this piece may be used as a four-part song for women's voices.

COLLEGE DAYS ARE PASSING.

Adapted by LOTTIE E. BATES.

1 College days are passing o'er us,
Come then while ye may,
Sing the praises in glad chorus
Of our Wellesley days.

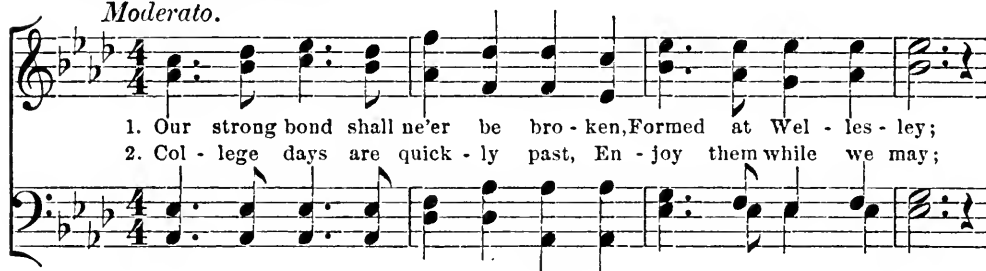
CHO. Lift your voices, cheer your college,
Let it ring forth free.
Sing unto our Alma Mater,
Sing to Wellesley.

2 College we have loved ne'er ceasing,
She, in all things right,
Gives to us the noblest teaching,
Bears a guiding light.

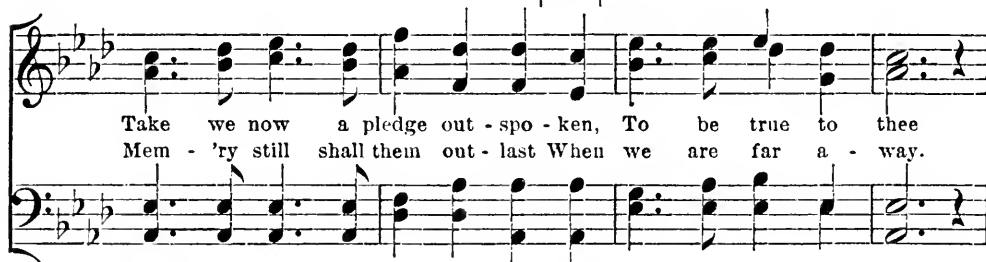
3 To her we'll be loyal ever,
Firm and staunch and true,
From her service wander never,
Here's to Wellesley Blue!

FIDELITAS.

Words adapted by
LOTTIE EVELYN BATES.

Moderato.


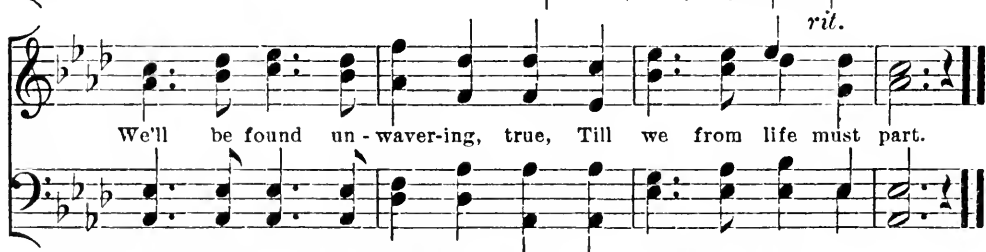
1. Our strong bond shall ne'er be broken, Formed at Wellesley;
2. College days are quickly past, Enjoy them while we may;



Take we now a pledge outspoken, To be true to thee
Memory still shall them outlast When we are far away.

f CHORUS.


f Alma Mater, fi - de - li - tas, Deep gra - ven on each heart;



rit. We'll be found un - waver - ing, true, Till we from life must part.

By raising the lower clef one octave, this piece may be used as a four-part song for women's voices.

WHERE, O WHERE.

39

Spirited.



1. Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen? Where, O where are the verdant Fresh-men?



Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh-men? Safe now in the Soph'more Class.



They've gone out from their Mathematics, They've gone out from their Mathematics,



They've gone out from their Mathe - mat - ics, Safe now in the Soph'more Class.



2 ||: Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores?: ||

Safe now in the Junior Class.

||: They've gone out from their Kings of Israel, : ||

Safe now in the Junior Class.

3 ||: Where, O where are the jolly Juniors?: ||

Safe now in the Senior Class.

||: They've gone out from their three forensics, : ||

Safe now in the Senior Class.

4 ||: Where, O where are the grand old Seniors?: ||

Safe now in the wide, wide world.

||: They've gone out from their Alma Mater, : ||

Safe now in the wide, wide world.

5 ||: Where, O where are the staid Alumnae?:

Lost, lost in the wide, wide world.

||: They've gone out from their dreams and theories, : ||

Atoms lost in the wide, wide world.

1904 CLASS SONG.

INEZ J. GARDNER.
Allegro marziale.

Hymne des Marseillais.
ROUGET DE LISLE.

mf



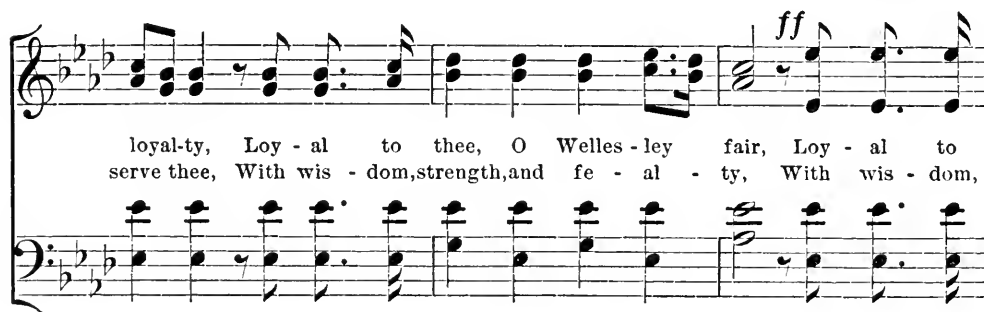
1. O hail, thou sil - ver - leaf - ed ma - ple tree, O hail, ye
2. O Al - ma Ma - ter, Al - ma Welles - ley, As daugh - ters

cres.



vio - lets rich and rare; Be ye to us our badge of
thine we call to thee; Trust - ing that we may ev - er

ff



loyal-ty, Loy - al to thee, O Welles - ley fair, Loy - al to
serve thee, With wis - dom, strength, and fe - al - ty, With wis - dom,

mp



thee, O Welles - ley fair. Faith - ful when sun - light bright is
strength, and fe - al - ty; Toward thy broad aim our life's course

1904 Class Song.

41

cres. *p*

glanc - ing, And wind - un - trou - bled is the lake, And
bend - ing, When far or 'neath the Welles - ley blue, May

when the storm - y clouds o'er - take The spark - ling wa - ters midst their
pur - pose high and dare to do, Our love and ser - vice nev - er

f *ff* *pp*

danc - ing. We'll loy - al, loy - al be, To class and Wel - les - ley, To
end - ing. We'll loy - al, loy - al be, To class and Wel - les - ley, To

cres. *poco a poco.* *ff*

nine - teen - four, To nine - teen - four, To our col - lege Wel - les - ley.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

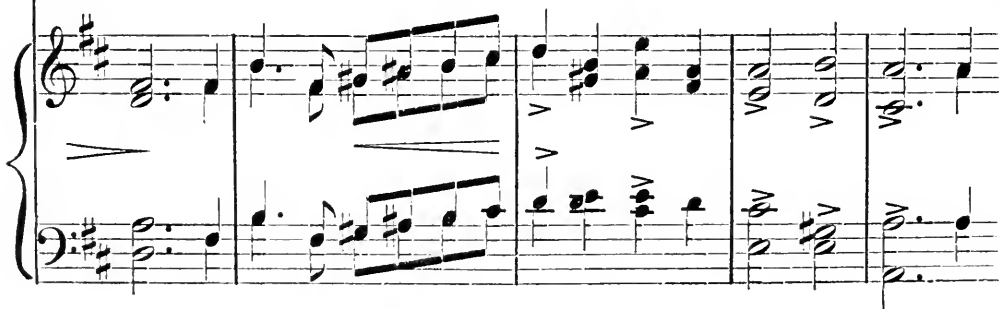
CLARENCE G. HAMILTON.

*Con moto.**mf*

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned
 3. O beau - ti - ful for glo - rious tale Of lib - er - a - ting
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the



grain; For pur - ple mountain ma - jes - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A -
 stress A thor - oughfare for free-dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! A -
 strife, When val - iant - ly, for man's a - vail, Men lav - ished pre - cious life! A -
 years Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu - man tears! A -



America the Beautiful.

43

mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on
 mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry
 mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re -
 mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on

thee, And crown thy good with broth - er-hood, From sea to shin - ing
 flaw, Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in
 fine, Till all suc - cess be no - ble-ness, and ev - 'ry gain di -
 thee, And crown thy good with broth - er-hood, From sea to shin - ing

sea, And crown thy good with broth - er-hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!
 law, Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 vine, Till all suc - cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 sea, And crown thy good with broth - er-hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!

1905 CLASS SONG.

RUTH HAULENBEEK.

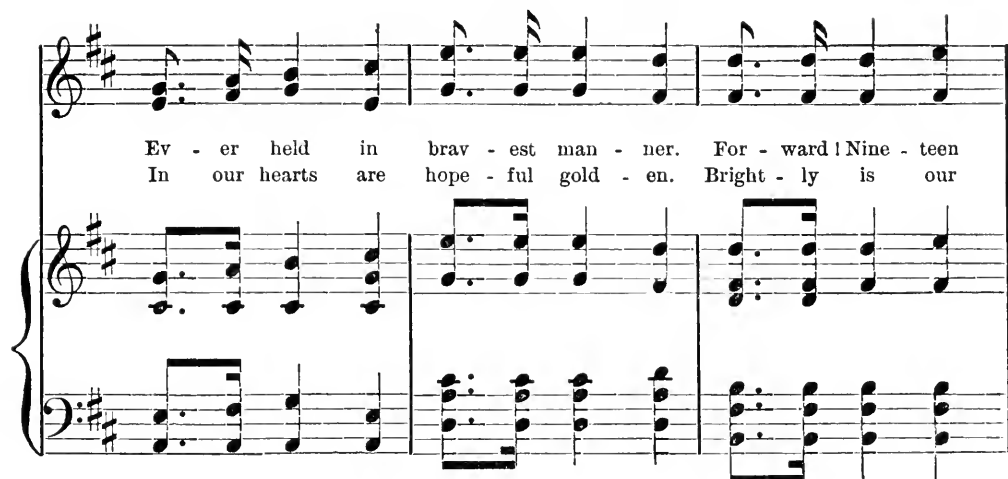
Music from CHOPIN, Op. 50, No. 2.

1. For - ward ! send the brave cry on - ward, With the gold - en
2. Fair mag - no - lia speaks our cour - age And a strength that

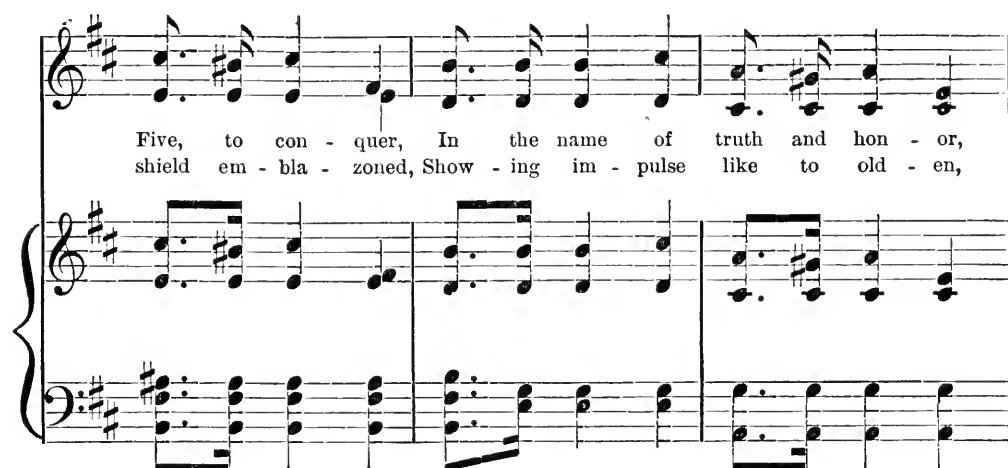
flash - ing ban - ner, Borne a - loft and nev - er falt - 'ring,
must em - bold - en, While the pan - sy thoughts and dream - ings

1905 Class Song.

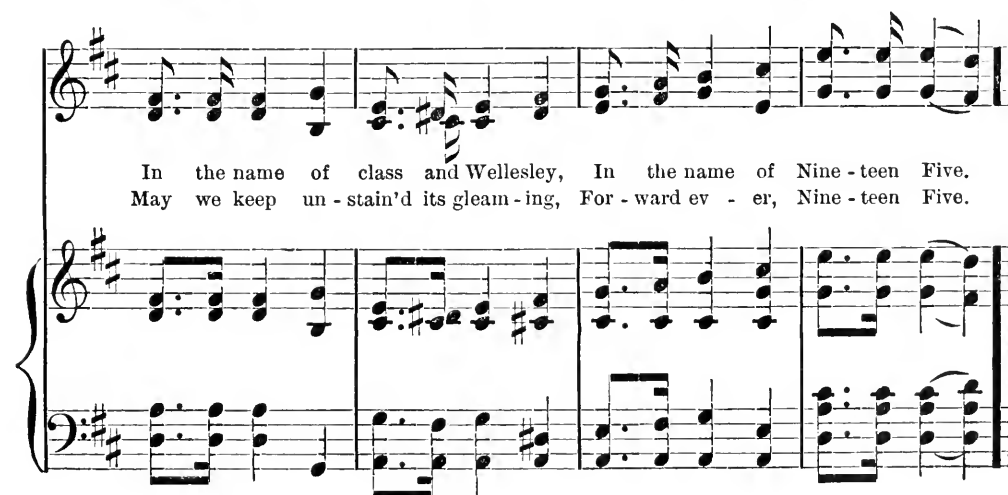
45



Ev - er held in brav - est man - ner. For - ward! Nine - teen
In our hearts are hope - ful gold - en. Bright - ly is our



Five, to con - quer, In the name of truth and hon - or,
shield em - bla - zoned, Show - ing im - pulse like to old - en,



In the name of class and Wellesley, In the name of Nine - teen Five.
May we keep un - stain'd its gleam - ing, For - ward ev - er, Nine - teen Five.

PROBLEMS.

Tune: "I CAN'T DO THAT SUM."

OLIVE NEVIN.

VICTOR HERBERT.

Rather slowly.

1. If the sides of a square are
2. If a stu - dent has her
3. If the el - e - va - tor
4. If a fire . . . drill be -
5. If yel - low squash weighed

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time. It features a vocal line at the top and a piano accompaniment below. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a *poco accel.* (a little acceleration) marking. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The piano accompaniment uses chords and moving lines in both hands.

The second system continues the musical score. It includes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics for the vocal line are as follows:

| | | | | | | |
|-------------------|----------|------------|-------------------------|--------|--------|-------|
| 8 | by | 2 | And tri - ang - u - lar | at | that, | And . |
| Mon - day | free | With . | not a thing | to do, | But . | |
| took a trip | Of . . | sev - 'ral | feet one | day, | And a | |
| gan at eight | By . . | nine were | al - most | done | If . . | |
| six - teen pounds | And were | served in | six - teen | days, | And . | |

The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines, maintaining the *poco accel.* character.

Problems.

47

eight - y bones are found in the head Of a com - mon or gar - den
go on an ec - o - nom - ies . jaunt, And write a . . farce or
bro - ther came one thou - sand miles To see his sis - ter
all the girls who could not swim Were count - ed one by
on the sev - en - tenth ap - peared In the form of may - on -

cat; If a girl could eat a pound of fudge As she
two; If she runs her eye at six - teen books And
May; If the el - e - va - tor would not work As it
one; If a girl got asked to a Prince - ton Prom Or
naise; If fish - balls hatched in - to chick - en soup, And

browsed in the li - bra - ry, How ma - ny a - larm clocks
gets her laun - dry packed, If the time then ev - er
some times won't you know, How long would bro - ther
down to a Yale boat race, How ma - ny friends' good
those baked beans, oh dear! How much would

Problems.

could be wound With a Phi Be - ta Kap - pa Key? Oh .
 came to rest Would that girl know how to act? Oh .
 Hen - ry wait For those Eng - lish wheels to go? Oh .
 look - ing clothes Could she get in her suit case? Oh .
 weigh At the end of . sen - ior year? Oh .

The first system of the musical score for 'Problems.' features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the piano accompaniment uses chords and moving lines in both hands.

. . . i Oh i Oh i

The second system continues the musical score. It includes a vocal line with a melodic phrase and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand, marked with an '8' and a wavy line, and a forte (f) dynamic marking.

Prob - lems such as these have we

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The vocal line has a final melodic phrase, and the piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation. The piano part begins with a mezzo-piano (mp) dynamic marking.

Problems.

49

Welles-ley is no snap you see Do not let your

The first system of the musical score for 'Problems.' features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line consists of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment uses chords and single notes in both hands. The lyrics 'Welles-ley is no snap you see' are aligned under the first four measures, and 'Do not let your' under the last two.

work pile up, Do it ev - 'ry day Then per - haps when

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment follow the same pattern. The lyrics 'work pile up, Do it ev - 'ry day' are under the first four measures, and 'Then per - haps when' are under the last two.

you're grown up you'll get your B. A. A.

The third system concludes the piece. It includes first and second endings, indicated by '1' and '2' above the staff. The lyrics 'you're grown up you'll get your B. A. A.' are under the first four measures. The first ending leads back to the beginning of the system, and the second ending concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *sfz* (sforzando).

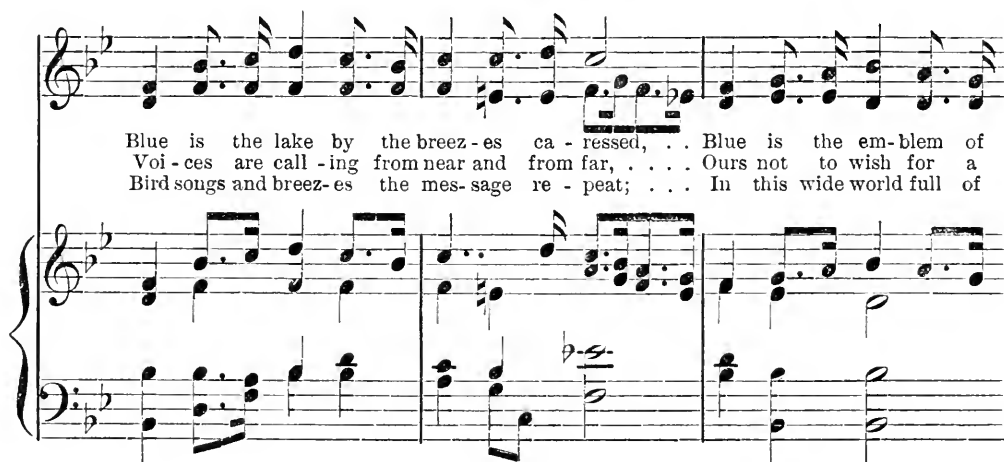
1906 CLASS SONG.

M. JESSIE GIDLEY.

Air "Hail to the Chief."



1. Blue is the sky where the sil - ver stars glit - ter,
 2. Hopes and re - solves light the path we have chos - en,
 3. Here while we lin - ger the woods and the wa - ters,



Blue is the lake by the breez - es ca - ressed, . . . Blue is the em - blem of
 Voi - ces are call - ing from near and from far, . . . Ours not to wish for a
 Bird songs and breez - es the mes - sage re - peat; . . . In this wide world full of



truth and of hon - or, Blue is for Wellesley, the fair - est and best.
 life full of hon - ors, Life is to prove of what met - al we are.
 won - der and beau - ty, Lifes' hum - blest du - ties are no - ble and sweet.

1906 Class Song.

51

Then let our class - mates true, Cheer for the Welles - ley blue,
 Wher - e'er our work may call, Truth is the same for all,
 Thanks to all les - sons true, Learn'd 'neath the Welles - ley blue,

Love its i - deals wher - e'er we may be. Let Nine - teen Six once more
 Hon - or is striv - ing and shame is to flee, Cour - age! we'll do our best,
 Thanks to our friends and our glad life and free; Our Nine - teen Six shall praise

Sing as we've sung be - fore Loy - al to class and thee, fair Wel - les - ley.
 Time will de - cide the rest, Thou wilt our help - er be, fair Wel - les - ley.
 Ev - er our col - lege days—Bright days we've spent with thee, fair Wel - les - ley.

1907 CLASS SONG.

MARGUERITE B. MACKELLAR.

Air from JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. Hail to the class of Nine-teen Sev-en,
2. May . . we knowl-edge gain for ser-vice,

mf

Class of Welles-ley strong and free; May our thoughts of
Learn its price-less worth to use, And the gold-en

thee for-ev-er, Ten-der, true, and loy-al be.
dai-sy's pet-als Stand for vir-tues tried and proved.

1907 Class Song.

53

May our heart's de - vo - tion serve thee,
May we feel the power with - in us,

Stand for thee wher - e'er we go, While the tu - lip's
Born in man and sent from God, Strive to rise and

quiv - 'ring fo - liage Feels for us thro' weal or woe.
wav - 'ring nev - er Serve our class and Col - ege proud.

1908 CLASS SONG.

FRIDA SEMLER.

Air: March from TANNHÄUSER.

Crim son the light that glows Deep with - in the

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass staves). The lyrics are: "Crim son the light that glows Deep with - in the".

rose, we've cho - sen for our to - ken; For while we may

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "rose, we've cho - sen for our to - ken; For while we may".

live We'll ev - er faith - ful give our class a

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "live We'll ev - er faith - ful give our class a".

1908 Class Song.

55

love un - bro - ken, And we will all ac -

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are "love un - bro - ken, And we will all ac -". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the right and left hands.

- claim Welles - ley's lov - ed name In rev - 'rent ac - cents spo - ken,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "- claim Welles - ley's lov - ed name In rev - 'rent ac - cents spo - ken,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

Loy - al to her and to our Class of Nine - teen Eight.

The third system of the musical score, which concludes the song. The vocal line ends with the lyrics "Loy - al to her and to our Class of Nine - teen Eight." and a double bar line. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a double bar line.

1906 CREW SONG.

M. JESSIE GIDLEY and
WINIFRED HAWKRIDGE.

Music from "SONGS OF CORNELL."

1. Let us sing of fair Lake Wab - an And our
2. Swift as ar - row, light as moon - beam O'er the

tried and trust - y crew, Who are pull - ing strong and
lake she glides a - long, While from far a - cross the

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1906 Crew Song.

57

stead - y, For the sil - ver and the blue. On - ward
wa - ters Falls the ech - o of our song. Keep the

speed, O Su - mi - ya - ka! While we watch thee from the shore, With thy
dip of oars to - geth - er, Let them rise in rhyth-mic beat, Drip-ping,

poco rit.

sil - very trail be - hind thee, And the broad blue lake be - fore. Welles -
shin - ing, driv - ing on - ward Su - mi - ya - ka strong and fleet. Welles -

1906 Crew Song.

CHORUS.

ley! 1 - 9 - 0 - 6! Wellesley! Stroke, stroke! our boat has left the shore,

Stroke, stroke! we cheer each drip - ping oar, Stroke, stroke our

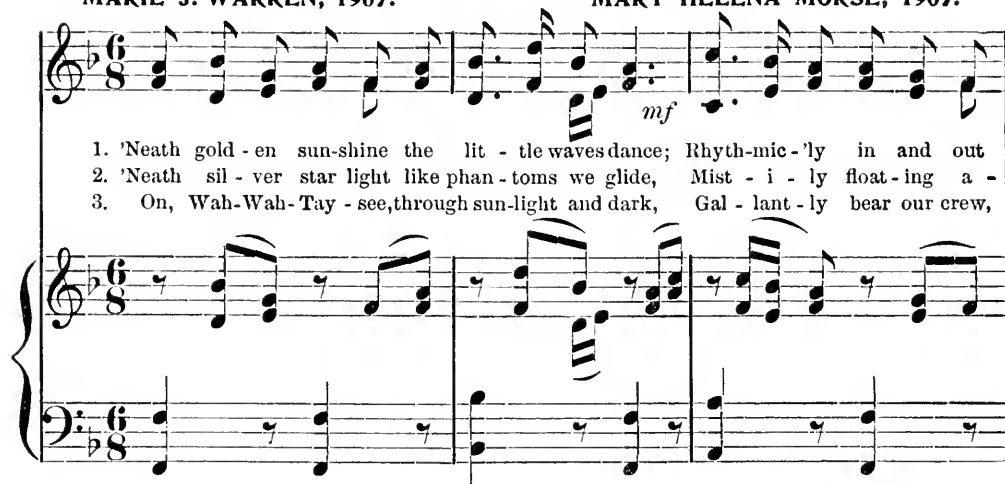
hearts are glad and free, Stroke, stroke! we pull for Welles-ley.

1907 CREW SONG.

59

MARIE J. WARREN, 1907.

MARY HELENA MORSE, 1907.



1. 'Neath gold - en sun-shine the lit - tle waves dance; Rhyth-mic - 'ly in and out
2. 'Neath sil - ver star light like phan - toms we glide, Mist - i - ly float - ing a -
3. On, Wah-Wah-Tay - see, through sun-light and dark, Gal - lant - ly bear our crew, *mf*



drip - ping oars glance; Ring - ing - ly, Nine - teen Seven,
- long with the tide; Soft - ly now, Nine - teen Seven,
brave lit - tle bark. Heart - i - ly, Nine - teen Seven, *f*



sing as we go, While o - ver Lake Wab - an we mer - ri - ly row.
sing as we go, While o - ver Lake Wab - an we dream - i - ly row.
sing as we go, While o - ver Lake Wab - an to - geth - er we row.
rit. ff a tempo.

1905 CREW SONG.

LENA J. McCURDY.

Air "Narcissus" by ETHELBERT NEVIN.

1. A - way, a - way at close of the gold - end day, A - far, a - far, 'till
 2. A - way, a - way at close of the gold - end day, A - far, a - far, 'till

glim-mers the eve - ning star, The waves a - stern in splen - dor burn. The
 glim-mers the eve - ning star, The waves a - stern in splen - dor burn. The

oars are read - y, The stroke is stead-y, 'Tis Nine - teen Five! A -
 stroke is swinging, The cheers are ring-ing 'Tis Nine - teen Five! And

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1905 Crew Song.

61

long the sha - dy shores the ech - oes are tell - ing o'er The
deep with - in the lake, wher - ev - er our path we take, A

swift and stea - dy beat of oars that are light and fleet, And tow - 'ring high a -
phan - tom shell be - low keeps pace in the eve - ning glow, And loud and clear a

gainst the sky. We see the hills and the halls of our beau - ti - ful Welles - ley.
rous - ing cheer Comes o'er the lake for the crew of the Man - u - ka - wa - i.

1904 CREW SONG.

EMILY S. BROWN.
ADÈLE OGDEN.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL,

Vivace.

ten. sf

Allegretto moderato.

1. Come sing Nineteen-Four while 'tis
2. With each stroke we leave far the

leggiero.

day, . 'tis day ; . Come bend to the oar and a - way, . a - way ; We'll
shore, . the shore, As cool wa - ters splash from the oar, . . the oar ; A

1904 Crew Song.

63

rit. *a tempo.*

stir the blue wa - ters so deep, . so deep, And with our stroke rhy - thm we'll
soft breeze is blow - ing the lake, . the lake, While light rip - ples dance in our

rit. *a tempo.*

f rit. p a tempo.

keep, we'll keep. Then loud o'er Lake Wa - ban we'll sing, . we'll sing. . And
wake, our wake. The light on the wa - ter shines bright, . shines bright. . Ere

rit. pp leggiero.

f rit.

from the shores ech-oes will ring. . . will ring; Come raise our song high, and now
shad-ows fall round us of night, of night; We'll pull all to - geth - er, we'll

rit.

1904 Crew Song.

a tempo. *f*

now full and free Sing to our class, sing to dear . . Welles - ley.
pull strong and free For Nineteen-Four ev - er and dear . . Welles - ley.

a tempo.

WELLESLEY STEPSONG.

OLIVE A. NEVIN.

OLIVE A. NEVIN.

Con moto espressivo.

1. Ghost-like o'er the mir - ror lake The twi - light shad - ows creep; . . The
2. Si - lent, lest we break the charm. We watch the fad - ing light; . . How
3. Slow - ly, now we go our way With eyes that dim - ly see; . . And

wind that lull'd the waves to rest Is fast a - sleep, is fast . . a - sleep.
dark the chap - el walls! how still The steps to - night! the steps . . to - night!
leave the steps a - lone at last To mem - o - ry, to mem - o - ry.

cres. *dim.* *poco rit.*

THE SIGN OF THE FOUR.

65

OLIVE NEVIN.

GUSTAV LUDERS.



1. There's a cun - ning lit - tle Fresh-man and she's oht so new, With
 2. There's the cheer - ful, care - less Soph-'more who is al - ways game, No
 3. She's now a jol - ly Jun - ior with a ros - y path Lead - ing
 4. There's a grave and rev - 'rend crea - ture called a Sen - i - or, Mass
 5. There's a ve - ry au - gust bod - y with de - grees so great, P —

themes to write and Hy - giene notes to take; There's a
 mat - ter how much work she has to do. Bi - ble
 to an - oth - er name that's more se - date. She
 meet - ings, Stu - dent Gov - ern - ment's main - stay. She
 h — D is like A B C to them. When we

The Sign of the Four.

sha - ky, qua - ky crea - ture and she's oh! so blue, With
quiz or ex - po - si - tion it is all the same, For she's
has to do for - en - sics three al - though no math., Or she
has a ve - ry freez - a - ble de - mean - e - or, And she
o - ver - sleep - our - selves we meet an aw - ful fate, They

cred - it on her math ex - ams to make. She
sure that some - how she can bluff it through. With
does - n't mind a ques - tion to de - date. With
nev - er stops to fro - lic so they say. That
get their toast as late as 8 A. M. When

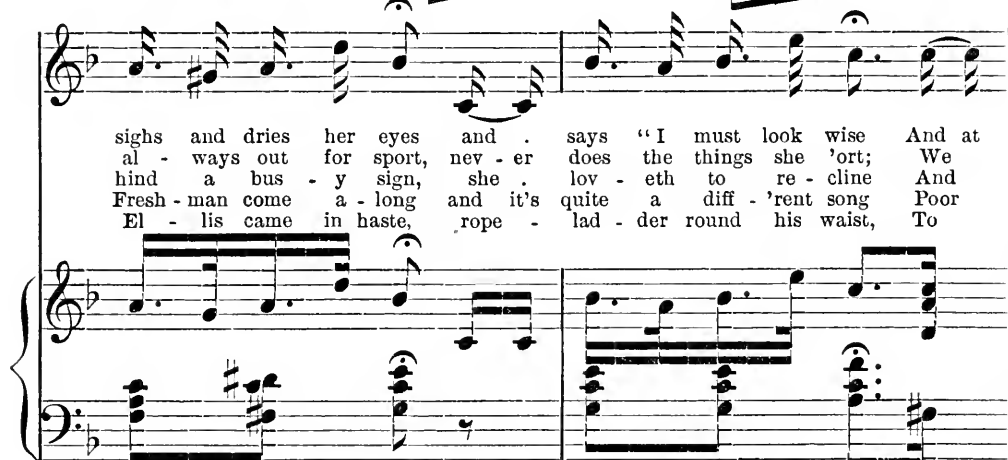
wears a gym. suit neat, and with sneak - ers on her feet She
cri - ti - cis - ing eye, she watch - es Fresh - man shy, She is
bright and win - ning smile, she stops a lit - tle while To
cap and gown may hide all gid - dy tho'ts in - side, But
ten has struck its gong down stairs they play ping - pong, And its

The Sign of the Four.

67



dash - es in - to class - es ve - ry late; She . .
 glad she's reached a more ex - alt - ed state! She's . .
 cheer the home - sick for sweet mer - cy's sake. Then be -
 still we know they're there some - times for harm. Let a
 said one night while bus - y with their tea Mr. . .



sighs and dries her eyes and . says "I must look wise And at
 al - ways out for sport, nev - er does the things she 'ort; We
 hind a bus - y sign, she . lov - eth to re - cline And
 Fresh - man come a - long and it's quite a diff - 'rent song Poor
 El - lis came in haste, rope - lad - der round his waist, To



Mid - years they will flunk me sure as fate!" She's a
 hope she will re - pent ere it's too late. She's a
 munch at fudg - es, tea and choco - late cake. She's a
 Fresh - ie's heart is brok - en by her charm. She's a
 res - cue from the flames the fac - ul - ty. It's the

The Sign of the Four.

home - sick lit - tle Fresh - man with a pig - tail down her
shark - y, lark - y Sopho - 'more, and she's learned a thing or
pret - ty, wit - ty Jun - ior, she's an up - per class girl
grave and haugh - ty Sen - ior and her course is al - most
ac - a - dem - ic coun - cil with their doc - tor's hoods so

back; . . . She's a cun - ning, run - ning crea - ture, as she
two, . . . She's a pry - ing, spy - ing crea - ture, and she's
now, . . . She's a hift - y, nift - y crea - ture, to whom
done, . . . She's a mon - strous, pon - drous crea - ture, and her
gay, . . . Tho' a stern and learn - ed bod - y they un -

speeds a - round the track. Till Mid - years come a - long . . . she
lots of things to do. . . But tho' cash ac - counts are low . . . to
les - ser mor - tals bow, For - en - sics and de - bates are the
in - tel - lect weighs a ton. . . She wears a cap and gown, . . . she
bend at times they say, . . . And we some-times dare to dream . they're

The Sign of the Four.

69

thinks she can't go wrong, . . . She's a flunk - y, spunk - y, . . .
 Bos - ton she . . . will go, . . . She's a play - ful and pluck - y . . .
 on - ly thing she hates. . . She's a well - o swell - o . . .
 thinks she owns the town, . . . She's a rev - 'rend, rush - ing .
 not so grave as they seem, . . . The pro - found, re - nowend, in the

child - like and chunk - y cute lit - tle mon - key Fresh - man!
 hap - y go - luck - y on - her - self - stuck - y Soph - 'more.
 jol - ly good fel - low. I'll - nev - er - tell - o Jun - ior.
 Soph - o - more hush - ing all Fresh - men crush - ing Sen - ior.
 wrong - nev - er - found, The Fac - ul - ty of Welles - ley. In the

Child-like and chunk-y, cute lit - tle mon - key Fresh - - man !
 Hap - py go - luck - y on - her - self - stuck - y Soph - - - 'more.
 Jol - ly good fel - low I'll - nev - er - tell - o Jun - - - ior.
 Soph - o - more hush - ing all Fresh - men crush - ing Sen - - - ior.
 wrong - nev - er - found, the Fac - ul - ty of Welles - - - ley.

TUPELO.

HETTY SHEPARD WHEELER.

Music: — "MANDALAY," by JOHN DYNELEY PRINCE.

1 By the side of dear lake Waban,
 'Neath the shade of a big tree,
 There's a Wellesley girl a settin',
 An' I know she thinks o' me;
 For the wind is in the pine-trees,
 And the breezes whisper low:—
 "Come you back, you Harvard student,
 Come you back to Tupelo!
 Come you back to Tupelo,
 Where you always love to go;
 With the girl you love beside you,
 On the path to Tupelo."

CHO. On the path to Tupelo,
 Where green painted benches grow,
 An' the moon comes up to smile on
 Those who wander to and fro.

2 'Er air was golden yaller,
 An' 'er suit it was dark green,
 An' 'er name I will not mention,
 She was pretty tho' I ween,

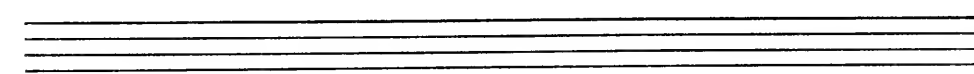
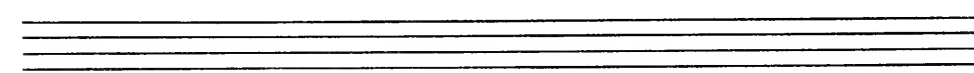
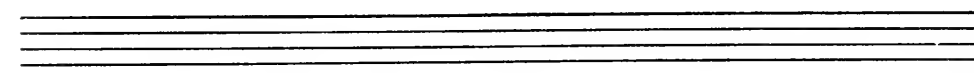
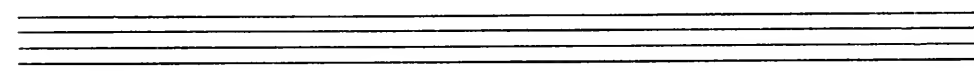
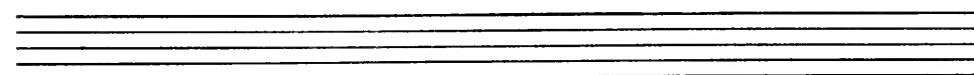
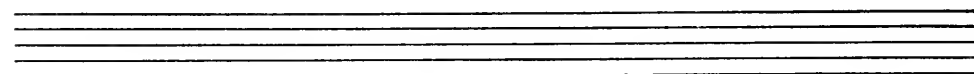
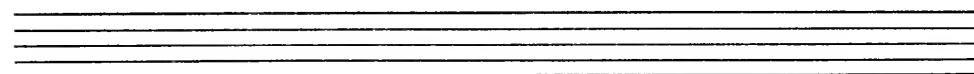
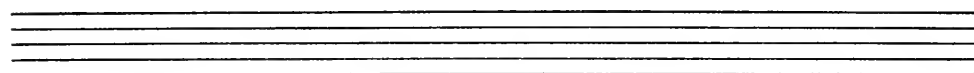
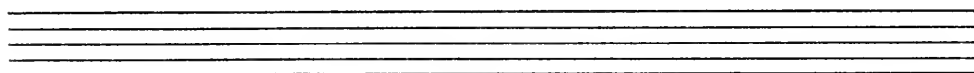
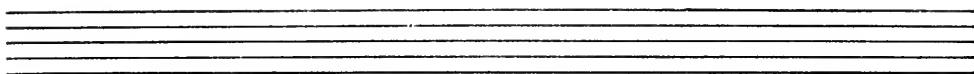
And I seed her first a gazin'
 At a whackin' big brown book,
 An' a studyin' like a trooper
 In a pretty shady nook.
 Bloomin' lesson raised her wrath
 What the students they call "Math"
 Plucky lot she cared for lessons
 When I wandered down the path!
 CHO. On the path, etc.

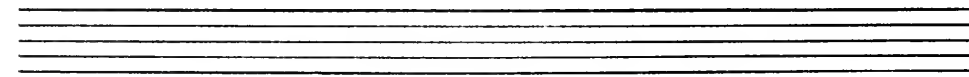
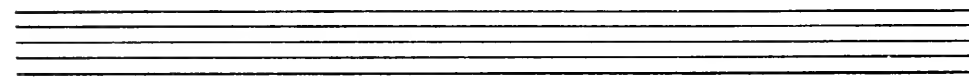
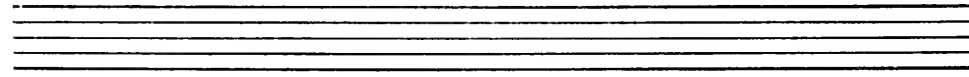
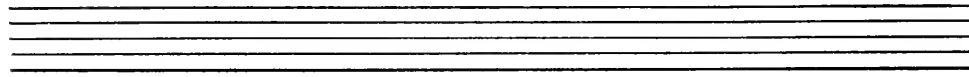
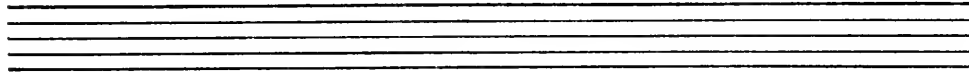
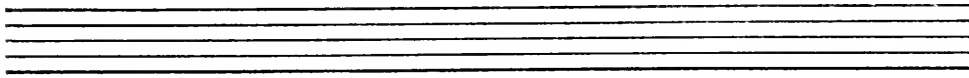
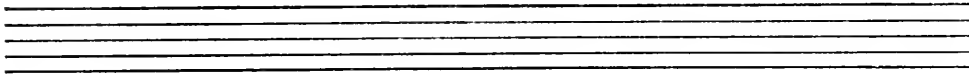
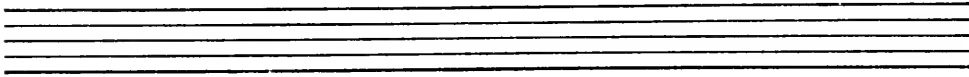
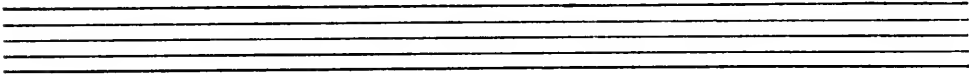
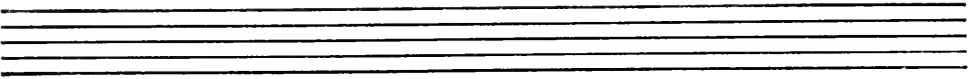
3 Ship me somewhere down in Wellesley
 Where the girls are of the best,
 Where a man can see his own girl,
 Needn't bother 'bout the rest,
 For the breezes are a whisperin'
 An' 'tis there that I would go,
 By the side of dear lake Waban
 On the path to Tupelo.
 On the path to Tupelo.
 Where I always love to go
 With the girl I love beside me
 On the path to Tupelo!
 CHO. On the path, etc.

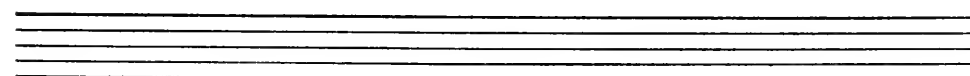
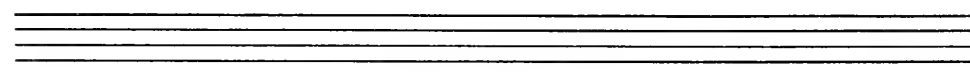
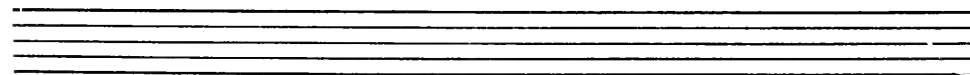
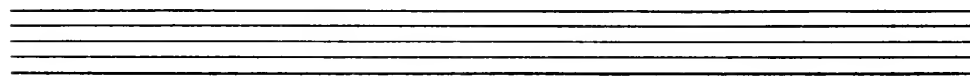
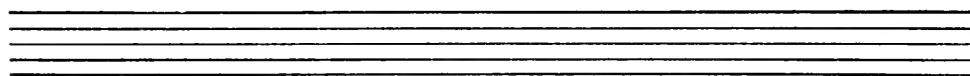
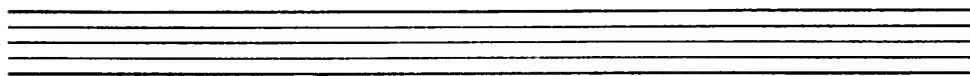
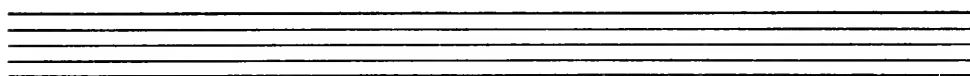
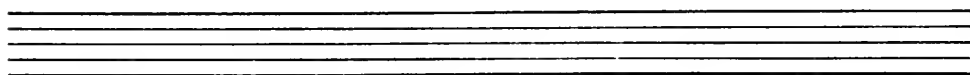
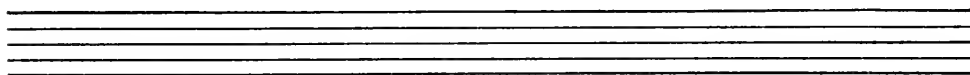
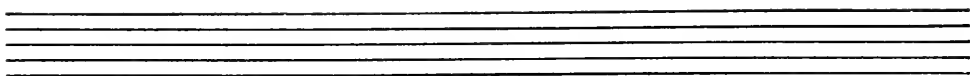
The Wellesley Cheer.

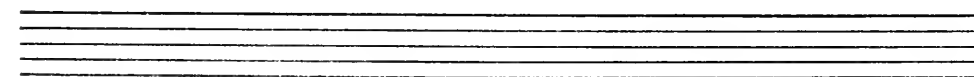
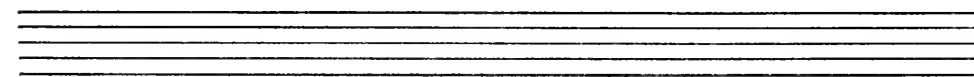
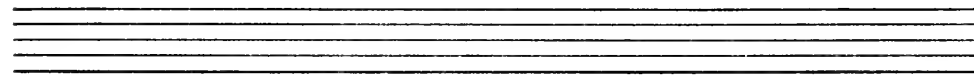
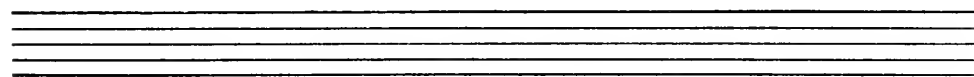
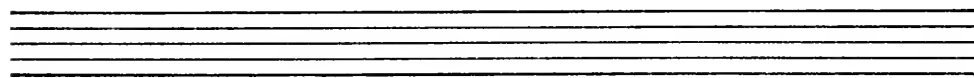
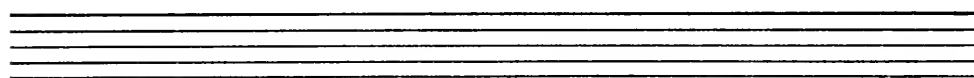
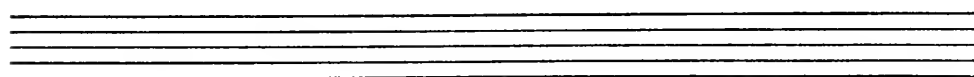
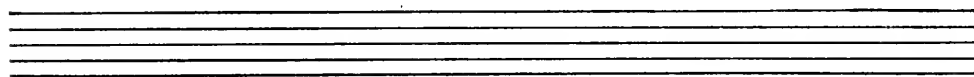
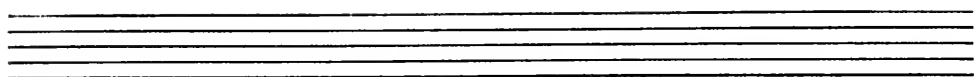
MAY SLEEPER RUGGLES.

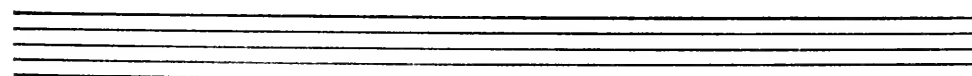
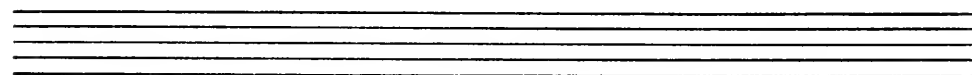
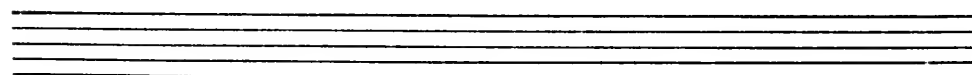
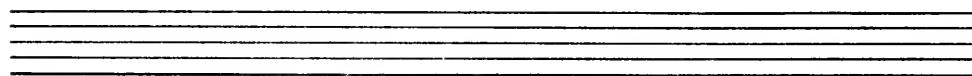
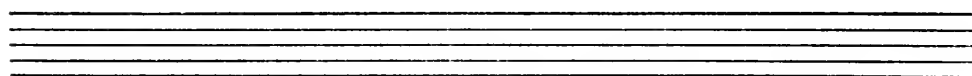
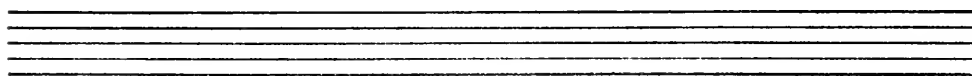
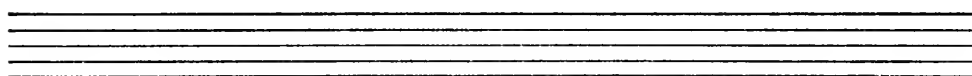
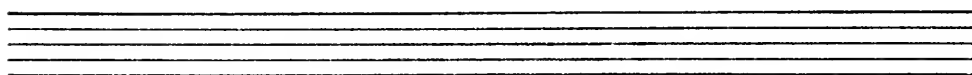
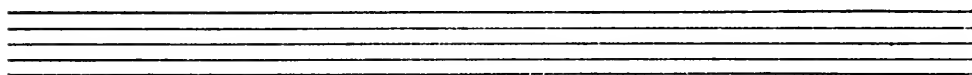
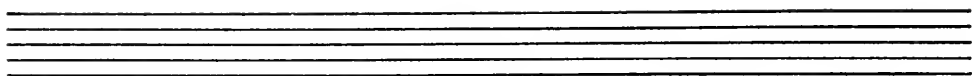


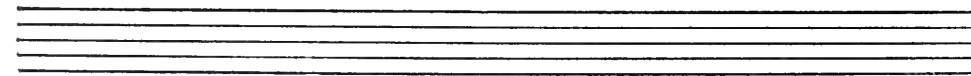
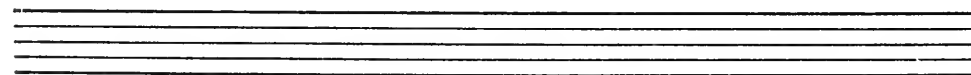
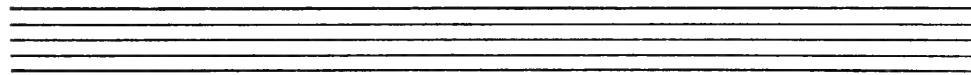
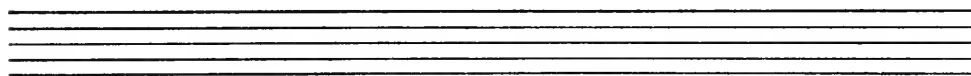
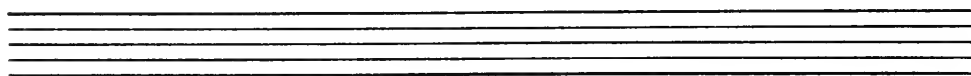
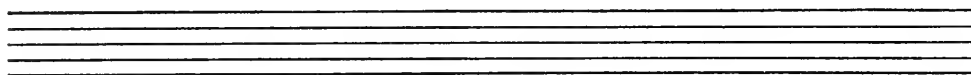
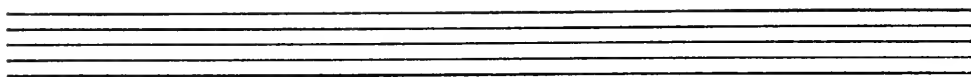


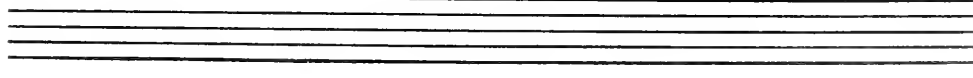
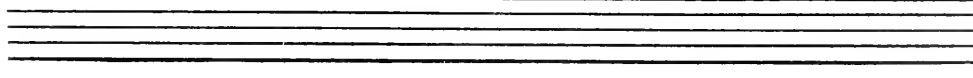
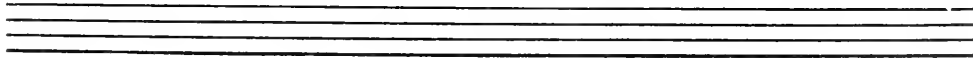
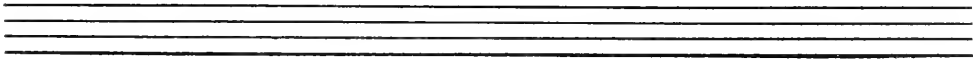
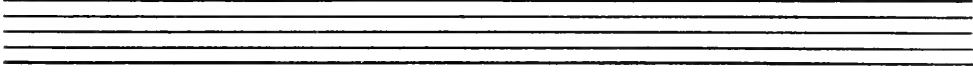
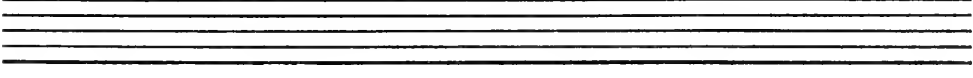
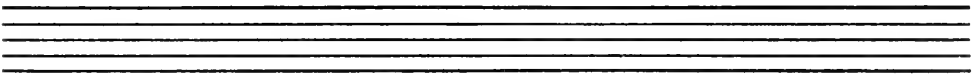
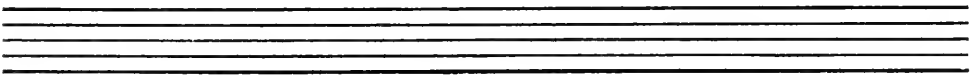
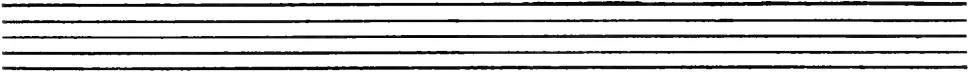
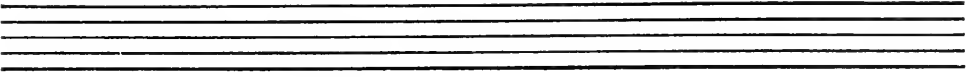


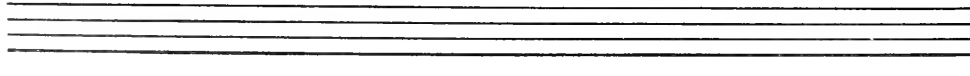
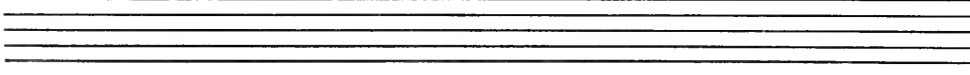
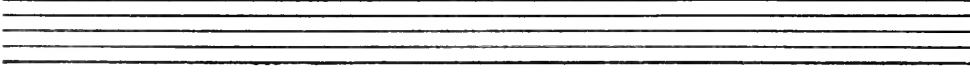
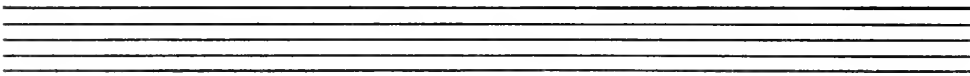
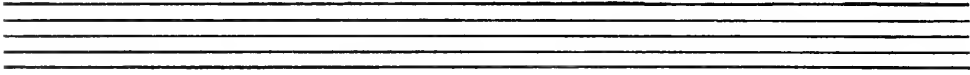
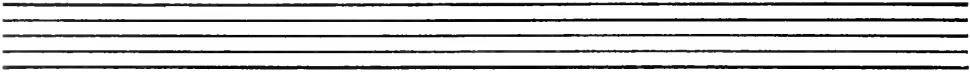


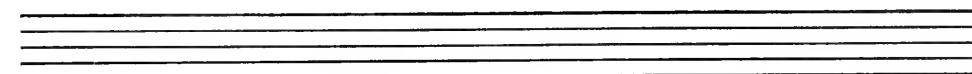
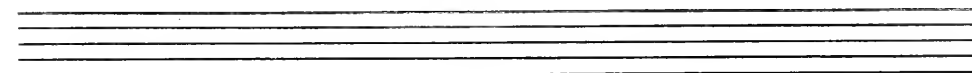
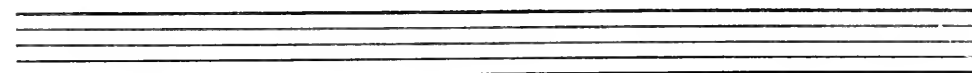
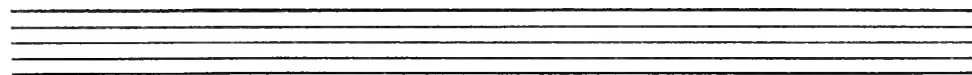
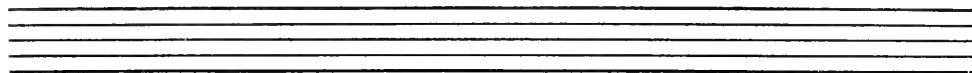
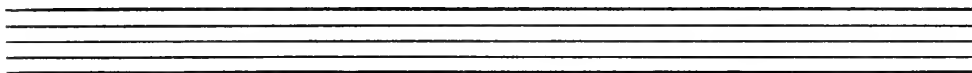
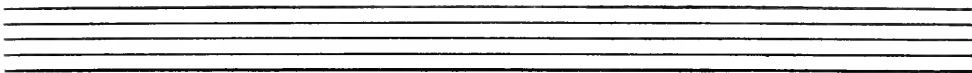


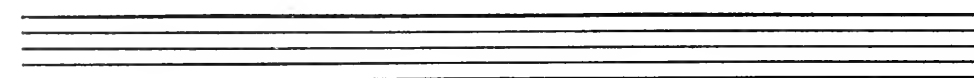
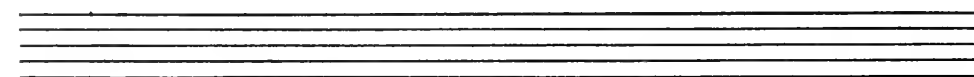
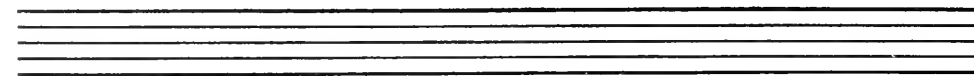
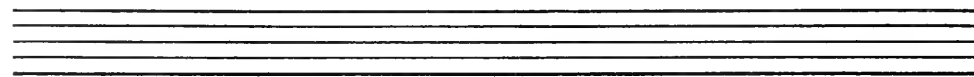
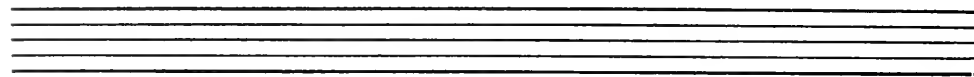
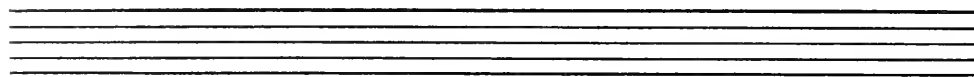
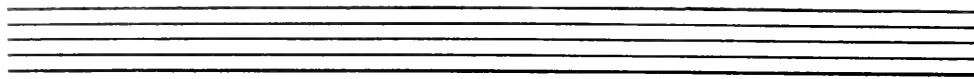












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